

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 2.

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No. 16.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

EARLY MEMORIES.---NO. 4.

BY GERTIE GRANT.

Pat and Mike.

FIND on memory's wall a pleasant picture of Captain Wood's family. Angie Wood was my room-mate at a small boarding-school in Elwood. She was a wild, outspoken girl, but her heart was as true as steel. She invited me home with her to pass our summer

vacation. I was delighted when a letter from my mother gave me permission to accept the invitation.

Capt. Wood had been master of a small trading vessel, running between Boston and the Indies; but at the time of my visit he had left the sea, and lived on a large farm some two miles from the beach.

It was the custom at Capt. Wood's to have family readings and prayers. The Captain read from whatever pleased him, sometimes from the newspapers, at other times from the poets or the Bible. His prayers were short and prosy. He seemed to pray from custom or duty, and not because he had anything to ask of the All-Father.

One evening Capt. Wood was in a brown study. He sat the whole evening without speaking a word.

"Isn't it time for prayers, father?" Mrs. Wood asked, winding the yarn about her knitting needles as she spoke.

"Time for what, Phoebe?"

"Time for reading and prayers. Are you asleep?"

"No, but I have been wondering why people do not pray with their *hands*, pray to some purpose," said Capt. Wood. We pray and preach, and see poor children starving, stealing and going headlong to destruction. At the poor-farm there are two ragged, dirty, friendless boys, Pat and Mike McCarthy. I wish I could put my prayers to good service by helping them in some way to

better lives. We ask God to help his poor children, but seldom lend our own strong hands to help him in the work."

"Well, father," Mrs. Wood said, "do as you will. If you have a mind to turn those two unruly, ragged boys into prayers, I am quite ready to help you."

"Two ragged prayers!" exclaimed Angie. "Supposing Gertie and I drive over to the poor-farm, and bring home these little rag-bags and keep them for your prayers, father?"

"Just what I wish to have done, child," Mr. Wood replied. "I have no child but you, and our farm will feed a score of us. I think the only way to save the world is by saving the children. These two orphan boys are knocked about at the poor farm like foot balls. I'll be bound they have not heard a kind word in a twelvemonth."

"And because they are such bad boys, father," said Angie.

"True, my child; but what inducement have they to be good? Their parents were both poor, drinking people. Let us bring these little fellows home and make them know that there is love and kindness in the world for them. The result will be good."

We sat up a long time that night listening to Capt. Wood's story of the sea. He told us how many rough boys he had taken on his ship, and how many rough natures he had conquered by mere acts of kindness.

No prayers were said aloud at Capt. Wood's that night, but we all went to our dreams thinking of the little boys at the poor-farm.

Next morning Angie got a basket of red apples, two long needles, and some twine. "Come on Gertie," she said, "take this big needle and string you some apples for a rosary. Mother tells me to go over to the poor-farm, and get father's two ragged prayers, and I am going to say mine counting these apples as I go. Come on. Here is your needle, all threaded."

I did as directed. We hung the strings of apples about our necks and started off in the cariole to ward the poor-farm.

"Where now, girls?" asked Capt. Wood, meeting us in the street.

"Going after your prayers," replied Angie, laughing.

"Go on," said the good man, and on we went.

Mrs. Skinner stood in the door as we drove up to the poor-house. "Mother says she will take Pat and Mike," Angie said.

"Let her take them, and be blessed, if she wants them," Mrs. Skinner said, a little snappishly.

The boys came out and tumbled into our carriage, without knowing, or caring to know, their destination.

"Your mother will get enough of them boys; they are going straight as a string to purgatory," said the sharp voiced Mrs. Skinner, looking after us as we drove down the lane.

"You're going yourself to purgatory," replied Pat, the eldest of our boys.

We gave the boys our strings of apples and drove home. Mrs. Wood met us at the door, and spoke very lovingly to the little fellows, but they took no notice of her words of welcome. Jumping and screaming they started away for the barn. Capt. Wood met them there and told them that he had sent for them to come and live with him and go to school.

"We'll see about going to school and let you know," Pat replied.

"Father will have miserable prayers, as true as I am born," Angie said, throwing off her riding hat and cloak.

Pat and Mike seemed quite contented in their new quarters and amused themselves by doing all kinds of queer things.

One day the hired man came in and said, "Mrs. Wood, your chickens will be much like the 'milk-maid's'—broken in the shell."

"Broken! What has broken them?" Mrs. Wood said.

"Your boys, ma'am, have broken up all the sitting hens, not a whole egg left."

Angie lost her best hat and found it on Carlo's head, and a lace collar fastened about Kitty's neck. The tea-bell was missing, Mike had tied it about the neck of a young colt, to call him to supper, the little mischief said.

The boys were indeed a sore trial, but no one spoke an unkind word to them.

"Let us test the power of kindness," Mrs. Wood would say, "if that does not help the boys to be better, nothing will; for blows and all kinds of abuse have been tried to no purpose."

When Pat and Mike had been about a month in their new home, they were sent one day to school. They went toward the school-house till they were out of sight of home, and then turned toward the sea. They had heard the story of Capt. Kidd's cave, and concluded it was a good time to look up that famed nook; some of the pirate's treasures might be still there. If they found any money they would go to sea, perhaps go back to old Ireland, the home of their infancy. With these rocket-like visions in their young heads away they started at full speed. With a dinner basket well

filled the boys were ready for a long journey. On they went, over hills and meadows, till they came to a mountain of rocks, rising almost out of the sea. They searched for the cave till the night, dark and stormy, was upon them. When they turned to go home they had lost their way. There was no house in sight, no road leading anywhere. Their baskets had been emptied and left hanging from the low limb of a tree. They both called and shouted, but the sound of the sea drowned their cries. So, all the long night these two boys wandered among the rocks, the rain pouring down in torrents.

Pat charged Mike with coaxing him away from school, and getting him into trouble.

"Ye got yerself lost, and me too," Mike replied. "I wish I was back to the Cap'n's, I just do, and I wouldn't run from school another day."

"Nor me, too, wouldn't," Pat said, wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

The morning found the boys climbing down the steep rocks toward the sea. The rocks were so smooth that the boys could not well keep their footing, so they left their shoes and stockings behind. A gust of wind blew off Master Mike's hat. In trying to catch it he lost his balance, and went rolling and tumbling down the rocky ledge. His feet were fearfully bruised by the fall, and a deep wound was made in his head.

Pat began to feel very sorry for his poor brother. He got him a stick and said, very kindly, "Come, Mike, don't you never mind; jist you put one hand on my shoulder, and keep a stick in the other for a staff, and we'll go to the beach and I'll wash your feet and, may be, we'll hail that ere fishing smack over there, and get somewhere."

On their way to the beach the boys found a sea gull with a broken wing.

"Now, see here, Mike," Pat said, "somebody has shot this big bird and it don't cry. Now, don't you be a baby, and cry."

"That ain't so hungry as I be, and then the bird's foot isn't hurt, and mine is; so I'll just scream, I will."

Pat caught the fowl, then they started again for the sea. When they got close to the beach Carlo came bounding and barking toward them. Pat dropped his bird, sprung to the dog, threw his arms about his neck, and told him all their mis-haps. Carlo seemed to understand the whole affair. He would run from Pat to Mike and whine, and seem to rejoice that he had found the half-starved runaways.

Carlo led the way, and the trio, with the broken-

winged sea-gull, reached home as happy as kings, and as hungry as bears.

Brave Carlo had a right to be happy and proud too, for, when all the town looked in vain for the lost boys, Carlo took a good smell of Pat's old stockings, and started off at full speed, and brought the boys back.

Pat and Mike expected to be punished for going off. They wondered, as they followed Carlo's lead, what would be the mode of punishment. Pat said he did not care so much for a hard thrashing if Mrs. Wood gave him a good bowl of bread and milk. They both concluded that they would let Capt. Kidd's cave and treasures be, and go to school.

The boys were received kindly on their return. Mrs. Wood got them a good breakfast, while Angie bound up Mike's foot, and I washed his head.

There was no further trouble with these orphans. Capt. Wood had prayed to some purpose. They went to school, worked on the farm, and did whatever else was given them to do.

When Pat was twenty and Mike eighteen, Capt. Wood died, leaving these young men to manage all his farm work.

The last time Angie wrote me, she said, "I wish you would come and see father's two prayers. They are, indeed, a great help and comfort to us all. They take the entire charge of the farm, and more faithful and efficient men you will never see. I am a convert to father's doctrine of praying with one's hands. I also believe that Love is the world's saviour. I thank the fates that led us to take these orphans to our home, for, in blessing them, we have been doubly blessed ourselves."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

We number at present about seventy-five scholars; average attendance between fifty and sixty, with a full corps of leaders. We had at one time twice the present number of names on our books, and averaged about one hundred attendance, but owing to the want of harmonious feeling in some of our members, ending about ten months ago in resignation and withdrawal, our numbers were very much reduced. We managed to struggle on through the summer, however, and now seem to be more firmly established than ever before. That the LYCEUM BANNER and all Lyceums may succeed this year better than ever before is the wish of

H. H. DEMAREST.

—True goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes except those of Heaven are upon it.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LOST IN THE WOODS; OR, WHO WAS THE BRAVEST?

BY MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN,
Author of "Woman's Secret," "Married," "Uncle
Timothy," &c.

GH, Ben," said Regie, "our house is burnt, and grandpa's bed and chair, and almost all the things that were grandma's. We saved a few. I got at the little picture that grandpa sits so much by my own self. See how I burnt my hand doing it."

She held up her hand, which was rudely bandaged in a strip of old cotton cloth.

"Mrs. Green did it up for me. She came over as soon as it was light. And do you know, Ben," the child spoke in a lower tone and very solemnly, "she wants me to leave grandpa and go and live with her."

"Well," said Ben, "you'll do it, won't you? It would be a great deal nicer to live in a pretty house like Mrs. Green's, and have fine dresses, and go to meeting and sit in a cushioned pew, than live in the woods and wear a faded dress, and sit up in the gallery in the meeting-house."

"What, and leave my grandpa?"

The child looked up to him in open-eyed amazement. "Why, my grandpa loves me," she said, "and couldn't get along without me. Why, I wouldn't live anywhere but with grandpa for the world."

"But," said Ben, "your house is burnt down, and how can you live with your grandpa?"

"Yes, and Squire Hyde said this morning that grandpa'd have to go to the poor-house, and I'd better go to Mrs. Green's, and that was just what I was a crying about when I met you."

Ben was very thoughtful, and said but little. The two kept on to the school-house, where great excitement reigned. Indeed all Dalton had plenty to talk about that day. First, there was the great exploit of the boys, and in particular of Archie Lovell in finding and exploring the cave. The story was repeated twenty times over in the course of the day, with exaggerations and comments, till at last you would have thought it was a new continent they had discovered. And Captain Lovell, Archie's father, talked a great deal about his son's courage, and what that boy would do when he grew up, till Archie really had an idea that to discover a cave in the earth was about the greatest exploit which a boy could possibly perform.

But Ben quietly pondered upon the whole thing.

His own adventure in the woods the night before was fresh in his mind, and he began to ask, Of what use is the cave? Did Archie's courage spring from any high and noble motive, and did he really suffer any pain or inconvenience? Here was little Regie, who, when her grandfather's house was burning, had run into it, and in the face of blinding smoke had managed to pull a drawer open and get out a little miniature of a dead child, which she knew her grandfather especially prized, and would grieve for very sorely if it were lost, and when she had found that she could not succeed otherwise, she had taken hold of a burning door, and so had burnt her hand severely. Now, after all, wasn't that the braver thing of the two? Ben knew very well that in this time of excitement nobody would stop to think of Regie's conduct as in the least degree brave, but he was determined in his own mind that Archie Lovell should never get the prize without his, at least, making an effort to secure it for Regie.

In the mean time the town was talking about what should be done with Noah. The old man himself faintly petitioned that his house might be rebuilt, and that he might still be permitted to keep Regie with him. But the town officers, among whom was Captain Lovell, said it was a useless expense. Noah was old and poor, and had nobody to care for him, and the poor house was evidently the place for him. As for Regie, the best thing that could be done with her was to put her in charge of Mrs. Green, who had no children of her own, and offered to bring her up kindly, and do well by her.

But every time the plan was spoken of to Regie she said:

"But grandpa will not be happy at the poor-house, and so I shall not be happy at Mrs. Green's. I shall never love Mrs. Green if she takes me away from my grandpa."

Ben thought about these things a good deal. He was not one of those bright boys, like Archie Lovell, who make friends without trying, and can almost always get what they want by merely asking for it, because they have winning ways. He was slow of speech, and not ready of wit, and though people said he was an honest boy and always trusted him, he was perhaps the last boy you would have picked out in the whole town for an enterprise like the one he was planning. Just one good quality he had for it: he was not easily discouraged, but very persevering.

And this was his plan: The ground on which Noah's house had been built was a bit of waste

land useful for nothing else, and it was well known that the owner would not object to the house being rebuilt. Ben had listened to the talk among the men till he had learned that one hundred dollars would put up the little plain dwelling of one room and a loft above, which was all that Noah wanted. It would not be necessary to get this all in money, if only the gentleman who owned the saw-mill would give some timber and boards, and some carpenters and other men would agree to help about the work. Still Ben thought that the best way to begin was to get subscriptions in money, and if he could raise fifty dollars in cash he was pretty sure he could get the rest in building material and labor. And this was what he determined to try to do. He did not go first to the rich men of the town, for he was a little afraid of them, but he commenced by asking his mother to put down the five dollars which she had expected to spend in material for his new overcoat, but which he thought he could do without, and she being a charitable woman, and I think a little proud of her boy, consented to do so. Then he went around among his poorer neighbors, mechanics and workmen with large families. In many houses he met only ridicule and flat refusals of aid, but here and there he got a dollar, till, before he had been a week engaged at the work, he had ten dollars. But it had been slow, tedious, laborious work. There was no enthusiasm about it, as there might have been in exploring a cave. It was just downright hard work. But Saturday night, when he counted up his subscriptions and found that he had ten dollars, a bright thought struck him. He would go to the gentlemen who owned the saw-mill, and see what encouragement he could get there. This gentleman was well acquainted with Ben, and had a very good opinion of him, but when he first heard of his project he was inclined to laugh at it.

"Why, Ben," he said, "a hundred dollars is a good deal of money for a boy like you to raise. How do you expect to do it?"

"I have got ten already," said Ben, and showed him the paper. "Now if you will promise to donate ten or fifteen more in lumber, that will be a great lift for me, and I shall feel pretty sure of getting through with it."

The gentleman looked over the list.

"Why here is Mrs. Carrick," he said; "that is your mother; five dollars. I don't think she ought to give so much. How can she afford it?"

Ben had some honest pride, and the question hurt him a little; so he answered as gayly as he could to conceal it:

"Oh! that's easy enough. I shall only wear my old overcoat another winter."

"So-o!" said the man, "it is *you* who give the five dollars. Well, Ben, if you can afford five dollars, I ought to be able to give ten; so when you get ready to build your house you can come to me for that much in lumber. I'll give you good measure, too."

Ben's heart was very light, and he said, joyfully, "That makes twenty dollars, and that is one-fifth of the whole amount."

He was so much encouraged that he went straight to Captain Lovell for a subscription, but the Captain only threw cold water upon the plan.

"Noah was old and poor," he said, "and had no business with a house of his own. No man had a right to expect his neighbor to build him a house if he hadn't money enough to take care of himself. Why he ought to go on the town, and no words about it."

"And mind I tell you, boy," he said to Ben, "if you engage in this kind of thing when you are young, and don't get over it, you will be a poor man all your days. Look out for number one, Ben; that's the only way to make a man of yourself."

Ben didn't say much, but he didn't think his advice sounded much like what he read in his New Testament; so he took leave to differ with Mr. Lovell, and to believe that the man who only looks out for number one, will not only be most likely to come to no very good end himself, but will be sure to fail of any good to others.

But Ben was altogether so much disheartened by this refusal that he thought he would go to the minister's and see if he could get any comfort there.

Now the minister was a very good sort of man in his way, and quite used to begging for charitable purposes. Therefore, when he heard Ben's story and looked over his list of names, he saw that Ben had made a very good start, and only needed a little encouragement to carry his undertaking through to a good result.

"I'll tell you, Ben," he said, "we'll have a subscription out of Captain Lovell yet."

"I'm afraid not," said Ben; "he was very much in earnest. Why, sir, he spoke quite crossly to me, which I'm sure he needn't have done, for I spoke civilly enough to him."

Mr. Hastings smiled. "Never mind the cross words, Ben; we'll make him take them all back yet. I know Captain Lovell pretty well, and I think I am safe in saying that we will have a subscription out of him yet, and a good one, too."

(To be continued.)

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"WHAT NEXT."

Some of our readers, who are deeply interested in Miss Corbin's story, ask, "What next?" They seem to think that with the last chapter of "Lost in the Woods" there will be an end to pleasant stories. It is not so. The last steamer from San Francisco brought us a downright good story from F. M. Lebel, entitled, "Fortune without Genius." This is a true story, that the author has picked up on the Pacific coast. Look out for it, boys ; it may hint to you the way to honest manhood and a splendid fortune. F. M. L. is known to our readers by her "Out of the Window" sketches, and by her racy letters and fine stories in various journals. She is best known, however, by other names. For some cause she has assumed, in writing, several names. But the reader will not care so much for the name as for the story.

"Fortune without Genius" will begin May 1, and run through several numbers.

We will send the papers as we are sending Mrs. Corbin's story, three months for twenty-five cents. Make haste, good friends, and send in your list of names, that we may know how many papers to print.

The one who will send us by May 10 the largest list of subscribers (the most money) shall receive, post-paid, Mrs. Corbin's book, "Rebecca ; or, a Woman's Secret," handsomely bound. Send subscribers for three, six, or twelve months.

—We have received from Philadelphia three new songs, by Felix Schelling, entitled "Bounding o'er the Sea we Go," "Beautiful Inez," and "Our Baby." The melodies are charming and well adapted to the words. They may be found at all music stores.

PERSONAL.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson is going to Europe.

E. V. Wilson is speaking in Cleveland, Ohio, to large audiences.

Mr. Wilson is among the first test mediums.

Prof. J. H. Powell is in this city, and is ready to make engagements for lectures.

E. S. Wheeler has been speaking in this city. He made many friends by his clear thinking and plain speaking. His present address is room 1, 89 Bank street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown leaves Chicago May 1 for California, via Pacific Railroad.

Mrs. A. A. Wheelock and Mrs. S. E. Warner are working in Ohio, as good and true souls will work for the good of the people, large and small.

We learn, with gladness, that Pet Anderson and Mrs. Love M. Willis have come back to us from the gates of death. Mrs. Anderson will soon pick up the pencil, as Mrs. Willis has the pen, and bless the world by her labor of love. Our own Malcolm Duncan, too, has been looking toward the Eternal Hills, but her earth songs are unsung, her stories not all told. Our readers will soon hear from her again.

FOR SALE.

Planchette ; or, the Despair of Science. By Epes Sargent. Price in cloth, \$1.25 ; or in paper covers, \$1, post-paid.

Rebecca ; or, a Woman's Secret. By Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. Complete in one handsome duodecimo volume. Price, plain, \$1.75 ; gilt, \$2.50. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Ralph and Tommy ; or, "I wish I wasn't black." Price, 15 cents.

Manuals at the reduced prices.

All the above books are for sale at this office. Address, Lou H. Kimball.

—Dr. Dake, of Rochester, N. Y., the healer, who is making such wonderful cures by "laying on of hands," together with his magical remedies, is now making a home in the West. This month he is in Michigan. He will visit Grand Rapids, Allegan, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Marshall.

—We shall be glad to receive any fresh, high-toned pieces, suitable to recite, or for a silver-chain recitation, to select from for the Elocutionary Department.

OUR PAPER.

The LYCEUM BANNER is fast growing into favor with the young-hearted everywhere. Lyceums welcome it as an efficient means of interesting the children, and of satisfying a need so long felt of "words fitly spoken" to children by our best writers and thinkers.

Felix Schelling, of Philadelphia, writes:

"I can compliment you on the improvement of the LYCEUM BANNER. My children are much delighted with it."

Emma Tuttle says:

"The LYCEUM BANNER is *excellent*. It gets nothing but praise."

T. A. Madison, of Terre Haute, says:

"I believe the LYCEUM BANNER would do more good than such books as we would be able to procure suited to put into the hands of our children, and would be quite as acceptable to them."

C. Lawrence, of San Francisco, writes:

"Your paper is high-toned and spiritual. I have never seen a coarse expression in it. In that respect it differs widely from most papers for the young."

Such encouraging words are a wonderful incentive to labor, and when united, as they so often are, with good deeds, it enables us to work for the good of the children alone, and wait patiently for our own reward.

L. H. K.

THE NUMBER OF LYCEUM MEMBERS.

Some time since Mr. Albert Morton suggested that we ascertain, as nearly as possible, the number of members in the various Lyceums. We have written to some twenty Lyceums. Some have replied, others have not. Will *all* Lyceums send us, as soon as possible, the number of officers, leaders and children?

In Chicago, on Sunday, April 4, 1869, the number of scholars was one hundred and sixty-five; leaders, twenty-seven; officers, twelve; visitors, sixty-nine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RALPH AND TOMMY. This is another of Mrs. Green's charming stories. Mrs. Green seems to know just what to say to the little people, and how to make her stories attractive:

The book is for sale at this office. Send 15 cents, and it will be sent as may be directed.

ONCE A MONTH. This magazine comes to us from T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia. The style and interest of *Once a Month* has no superior. Terms, \$2 per year.

PARAGRAPHS.

—Eddie W. Coffin. Your friend, Mr. Horace Richards, has paid for the LYCEUM BANNER for another year.

—The sick will find Mrs. Spence's Powders at this office. Try them.

—*The Present Age* is among our best exchanges. For \$2.50 we send the *AGE* and LYCEUM BANNER one year.

—Our friends, the editors of *The Rostrum*, have come to our very doors—i. e., they have moved into Pope's Block, Room 85, No. 137½ Madison street.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Boston Lyceum, No. 2.

Accepting an invitation to attend a business meeting of this Lyceum, held on the evening of March 17th, I was so pleased with what was seen and heard, that I volunteered to send you a brief account thereof, that others, learning of their good works, might feel encouraged to imitate their example, and possibly do even better.

It was a meeting for their election of officers, with the following result: Conductor, John W. Maguire; Assistant Conductor, Dr. C. C. York; Guardian, Mrs. M. J. Stewart; Secretary, A. J. Chase.

The South End Lyceum was formed just one year ago this month. It began with *four* children, now it numbers *fifty*. With nothing in the way of a society and starting without a dollar, it has raised the sum of \$331.72, while its expenses have been but \$315.19—leaving a balance of over \$16 in the treasury.

Overcoming the many difficulties incident to the formation of a Lyceum, paying for equipments, rent, library, etc., with a balance yet on hand, are facts deeply significant and indicative of future success.

Their first anniversary, occurring on the 31st ult.,—Commemoration Day among the Spiritualists—they propose to celebrate its advent with particular emphasis, by singing, speaking, tableaux, Lyceum exercises and dancing.

Trusting that this and all other Lyceums may flourish and multiply their number, to the end that all the dear children in our land may be blessed by its redeeming influence,

I remain, very truly,

GEO. A. BACON.

LETTER FROM SAN DIEGO—NO. 1.

BY F. M. LE BELLE.

NEAR LYCEUM BANNER: I trust you have not forgotten that my February of last year was spent in your cosy sanctum and go ahead city. It was a pleasant month, despite aching fingers that defied muff and mittens, Lehigh and anthracite to keep them warm. The memory of that happy re-union has left a tinge of brightness on each day of the year.

If a growler ventured across your threshold, he must have forgotten to growl when he caught sight of the bright face and busy hands arraying you for your visit to the young folks.

Old Boreas, that ungallant tyrant of the north did much blust'ring and blowing, with no other object, I verily believe, than to drive you and all of us to a more genial clime. I took the ungracious hint, and my February of this year has been passed amid new scenes and very different surroundings.

You have heard of rustication in dead of winter, as well as I, little BANNER, for in my retreat I have met you, too, and a merry chat we had with the little ones over your stories and ditties, your riddles and poems.

If I possessed the wonderful tapestry found by the lover in the Arabian Nights, I would bring your many readers, your editor and publisher, to this sunshiny region in an instant. But in this slow age we are destined to travel by railroads and steamships, and that too at considerable expense, so I will give you an imperfect description of this delightful breathing place.

You will find by referring to your map, that San Diego is the most southern county of the great State of California. Nature has freely lavished her gifts on this long neglected country, which just begin to be appreciated.

Perhaps the Jesuits, a century ago, had some appreciation of this locality, for they established missions, built adobe or mud churches, surrounded them with high walls, and set about cultivating the olive and converting the Indian. The old olive orchards bear testimony to their success in gardening, and the well-behaved Indian to the efficacy of the moral lessons taught their ancestors.

The natives, both Mexican and Indian, speak the Spanish language, follow in the footsteps of their fathers and "boast not for to-morrow." Their style of dress is not laid down in Leslie, Godey or any other fashion journal, yet deserves

as honorable mention as many of our own. The favorite colors for this winter, last summer, and the last hundred winters and summers, are a flame red and golden yellow. Some of the upper class red men are gaudily dressed and elaborately ornamented, while others, true to nature and the climate, are hardly dressed at all. They are almost innocent of pants and boots, defying with true warriors' courage the occasional rattlesnake, tarantula or scorpion that may come in their way. Hats are sometimes worn as an ornament, but oftener dispensed with. An apology for a shirt or coat is almost indispensable. They carry huge packs on their backs, suspended from the forehead by a cloth and passing over the shoulders.

The women, true to woman's nature, have better taste in matters of dress. They wear long dresses, a bright red or yellow handkerchief bound around the head, or in place of it a man's broad rimmed felt hat, or more tasteful still, bare-headed. We often meet whole families who have traveled many miles to town for supplies, the women or babies on the back of a mule or mustang, and the men and boys heavily packed, walking. They laugh at us with our useless shawls, parasols and gloves, and we at them with their coarse finery and bare hands, and possibly, feet.

San Diego Bay is a very pretty sheet of water. It is separated from the Pacific ocean by a narrow strip of land, so symmetrical in form, that on the land side it resembles a stone wall evenly laid up. This protects the bay from the ocean winds, so that a "white cap" or a ripple even, is seldom seen on its surface.

When the winter's sun sinks below the ocean's horizon it tinges the clouds with crimson and gold, and reflects its brilliant hues upon the bay and ocean, presenting a picture which, if transferred to canvas, would appear over-wrought to one who had never seen a sunset in the tropics or on the Pacific coast. The even temperature of this place renders it a favorite resort for invalids, and its natural beauties will soon attract the painter and poet.

The lofty mountains of Mexico rear their bald heads to the south of us; hills and valleys, bay and ocean encircle us. Crops of every description, encouraged by a little Yankee thrift, will soon supplant the wild cactus and grease wood. Orange, lime and lemon groves will be planted this winter, while busy hands are actively engaged in almonds, figs, walnuts, mulberry and other fruits. Others, less active and more suggestive, propose coffee, rice, pine apples and bananas

The stirring New Englander and Westerner who remember the luxury of Baldwins, pippins, peaches and pears, cling so tenaciously to the memory of early tastes that they will bring these fruits around their new homes.

The cactus grows luxuriantly, and is pronounced by the ranchmen, a nuisance. It is a very curious plant, and develops many varieties. The most troublesome is the choya (cho-yo) which grows to the height of six or eight feet, and branches out in every conceivable direction. It is covered with fine pricklers, somewhat resembling the tiny fish hooks with which we used to angle for trout. Woe to the man who, unacquainted with these choyas, relies for protection on thick leather boots against these animated spears. They make their way through leather instantly, and require a good deal of urging to come out again. The natives sometimes use choyas for fencing gardens, no animal fancying to make its way through them.

Another species of the cacti is the prickly pear, which grows as high as the choya, and though not agreeable to handle are not as well protected as they. They bear fruit resembling the pear in shape and size, and of a deep red color. They are pleasant to the taste and serve for both food and drink. There are many other varieties of the cacti here, and all produce beautiful blossoms. For one d. minute leaf of the prickly pear which are here dug up and burned by the acre, I would have treasured at the frozen North, hoping to be rewarded for my care by the sight of one blossom of this rare plant.

We are surrounded by numerous animals, great and small, in the sea, air and on the land, pretty and ugly, useful and useless, as far as we can discover. No doubt, in the economy of nature all have their uses, and not the least insect exists in vain. I never could discover the peculiar calling of a rattlesnake until I learned that they devoured the rats and gophers; or of the owl until I found they feasted on the same dainties.

Some of these creatures display reasoning powers, unlooked for in wild animals. The rats are skillful and cunning workmen. They collect sticks with which they build their houses, lay them up in the form of a cone six or seven feet in height, and four or five feet in diameter at the base. To prevent the intrusion of their unfriendly neighbors who might devour them, they fortify their habitations with a wall of choya, over which the hungry rattlesnake would rather be excused from passing.

Owls, snakes and squirrels sometimes occupy

the same hole in the ground, but what treaty they have entered into not to eat each other, is a secret to the outside world.

The tarantula, which belongs to the spider family, exhibits great ingenuity in the construction of his house. Without tools or timber, he builds a residence that the most skillful architects could never successfully imitate. He digs about ten inches into the earth a round, smooth, tube-like hole an inch or more in diameter. This is lined with a smooth substance closely resembling white satin. It is very beautiful, clean and glossy. At the top of the hole is a cover nicely fitting the entrance, lined with the same satin-like substance, and hung with an ingenious hinge. It cannot easily be opened from the outside, so Mr. Spider, when he goes out for a walk or on business, leaves his door open. When he returns he shuts himself in, and the insect, man or beast, must look a long time before he could find this nice little house.

Coyotes (Ky-o-tes), a species of the wolf, make night lively with their prolonged howls. Imagine twenty boys laughing boisterously and attempting to imitate both cats and dogs, and you have our nightly concert from an orchestra of coyotes. They are comparatively harmless and their music is not disagreeable.

A wild cat occasionally reconnoiters in the night for his dinner of rabbits and quails, which are numerous. The lakes and creeks are alive with ducks and geese.

The birds sing constantly from daylight until dark, and such singing as a Parepa might envy. Nothing could dispel a fit of blues if the music of these untaught songsters failed to do it.

Springfield, Ill.

At our annual election in January, the following officers were elected:

B. A. Richards, Conductor; A. A. Brackett, Assistant Conductor; Miss Lizzie Porter, Guardian; Mrs. H. Church, Assistant Guardian; Wm. Plank, Musical Director; J. H. Dod, M. Church and James White, Guards.

The Lyceum is doing well, and by industry and patience we hope to make it still more efficient in doing its legitimate work.

B. A. RICHARDS.

—You need not have such a reverence for truth as always to stand at an awful distance from it.

LULLABY.

J. H. Powell, late of London, England, is now in this city, superintending the publication of a volume of poems, entitled "Life Pictures." The following sweet baby song will be found in the book :

Gentle, laughing, loving treasure !
 Mother's darling ! precious boy !
 Filling all her being's measure
 With a rich excess of joy.
 Mother's beauty ! laughing mild,
 Charming cherub, undied !
 Laugh aloud, dear dimple mouth !
 Sweeter than the luscious South.
 Laugh and stretch, and laugh again,
 Laugh for mother, laughing Ben !
 Laugh and kick and show his toes,
 Baby-king ! unknown to woes.

Sinless, crowing, darling Ben !
 Mother's pet ! worth more than gold.
 Crow and kick and laugh again,
 For the day is not yet old.
 Laugh and crow and kick away,
 Mother's boy is king at play.
 Laugh aloud, dear dimple mouth !
 Sweeter than the luscious South.
 Laugh and stretch and laugh again,
 Laugh for mother, laughing Ben !
 Laugh and kick and show his toes,
 Baby-king ! unknown to woes.

Night is dawning, wearied wonder !
 Sleep is near him, soothing, kind—
 Outward sounds all lost in thunder,
 Scare not little Bennie's mind.
 Bennie, beauty ! mother's treasure !
 Sleep and dream of naught but pleasure.
 Sleep and dream, dear dimple mouth !
 Sweeter than the luscious South.
 Sleep and dream and wake again—
 Sleep for mother, sleeping Ben !
 Sleep and dream of angels bright,
 Angels all in garments white.

The price of the book is \$1.50—postage 12 cents. Orders may be sent to J. H. Powell, Box 294 Terre Haute, Ind., or to Room 85, 137½ Madison street, Chicago.

Written for the *Lyceum Banner*.

DOWN SOUTH IN THE WINTER TIME.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

IT is a long time, my little children, since I have had any thing to say to you through the columns of the LYCEUM BANNER. But I have not forgotten you, nor the kindly sympathies, which have always welcomed the stories I had to tell for your amusement and instruction in this messenger of love, ever wending

its cheerful way to the hearts of the little ones of our land. I have no long stories to relate now of birds or beasts or stars, but just thought I would write to you a short letter about Florida in the winter time—the land of sunshine and perpetual flowers. I have been spending some weeks at St. Augustine, the oldest town in America, and a queer, quaint, old Spanish town it is. If you will turn to the map, you will find it just below the mouth of the St. John's River, on the Atlantic coast of Florida. In the year 1512, long before the settlement of Jamestown, in Virginia, and long before the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, a Spaniard, one Ponce de Leon, a companion of Columbus, and one of the enterprising adventurers of the sixteenth century, listened to a marvelous story then current in his own country, that away north beyond the West India Islands, there was a land of Elysium, rich with fruits and flowers, and possessing a river in whose waters flowed the elixir of life. Inspired by this brilliant legend, and in hopes of making a discovery which should far outreach that of Columbus, Ponce de Leon sailed from the Island of Port Rico, and coming in sight of the Peninsula of Florida, landed near the present site of St. Augustine, in April 1512. It is no wonder if he believed he had realized the fable of the promised land, for nothing can be more beautiful than this lovely country in the month of April. It is rich with fruit, with flowers, and with sunshine. Not only flowers, shrubs and undergrowth are in bloom, but the very forest trees fill the air with delicious fragrance.

The palmetto spreads its fan-like leaves, the date palm waves its grand old plumes, the acacia and the chaparral tremble with gentle breezes of spring, and all nature smiles under the gentle influences of a perpetual summer. But of St. Augustine. The streets are only fifteen feet wide, there are no sidewalks—the houses are built mostly of stone, and directly on the street, most of them having projecting balconies—or as they are called in the South, galleries—at the second stories, so that persons can readily converse and almost shake hands across the street; but all have beautiful gardens, where the rose and japonica are always in bloom, and where the rich yellow oranges hang from the trees for nearly eight months in the year. Fig trees are also very abundant here, and the fig, something like a pear in shape, grows directly out of the bark of the tree, without a bud or blossom. I saw a magnificent rose-tree one day; it was nearly four inches in diameter at

the base, eleven feet high, and fifteen feet across its branches, covering a spot of ground forty-five feet in circumference. This rose was named "La Sylphide," was of a delicate lemon tint, and a rich fragrance; the tree was in full bloom, having, I suppose more than five hundred roses.

The old Cathedral, or Catholic Church, is an object of great interest—among the first, if not the very first building of the kind erected on this Continent; its history goes back to the early part of the seventeenth century. It is built of the singular Coquina stone—a conglomerate of shells—and is surmounted with a chime of old Moorish bells, four in number, which are rattled and banged away every Sunday morning, to call the people to church.

I find that I am getting my letter too long, and as I do not wish to tire you, will write some more about it another time.

For the Lyceum Banner

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCHOOLS.

BY JOS. SINGER.

IN a charming spring day, when the air is pure, balmy, and vegetable life is bursting into bloom,—when nature, in her most charming garb, invites all out to partake of her bounty—how you hate to be cooped up in your large school-rooms, dark and musty, conning over disagreeable lessons and reciting. How you long to be transformed into that beautiful little bird, twittering by the window, the picture of happy joyousness. You, probably, ask, "Why can we not study in the forest and field; and while treasuring up lessons of wisdom, drink in the happy feelings that each passing breeze is laden with."

Over two thousand years ago, there lived in Greece a philosopher, whom all ages have honored as one of the greatest and wisest men that ever was. This man, the founder of a great school of philosophy, was Plato.

After having imbibed the wisdom of other countries besides his own, he taught his system of thought, which he had matured near his native city, Athens.

This school was very different from the ones now in existence. It was a garden called the Academia—a public resort near Athens—perhaps somewhat like our modern parks. Poets have sung the beauties of this lovely spot. Most majestic trees abounded therein. A clear river meandered through it, while temples and statues pleased the

eye and cultivated the mind. The poet has said—

"See there the olive grove of Academia,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick warbled note the summer long."

Learning, however, was a different thing then from what it is now. There were no book-presses then, and every work had to be copied by exceeding labor. Great men, therefore, taught orally, by lectures and by questioning the students.

Since then, the advance of knowledge made it necessary for men to devise means to store up and propagate the acquired wisdom of the ages, and thus originated that broad system of public colleges, universities, and our common schools.

When you look about you, and observe what a great benefit to civilization these schools are, that spread enlightenment among so many children who otherwise would grow up ignorant and degrade society, then cease your wish that the school-house might be burnt down, to allow you to play in one continual holiday.

Wisdom in ancient times was confined to the few; now it is within the reach of almost all to acquire it.

Which the greatest blessing is, I leave for you to decide until I think of something else to say.

NEEDLES.

THE manufacture of sewing needles is carried on to a great extent in many English villages. Simple as it is, it has to pass through the hands of one hundred persons before it is finished. The wires for the needles are furnished in coils, then cut into the length of two needles, heated and straightened. The wires are pointed by applying them to a small revolving grindstone. This work ruins the health of the grinder, as the fine dust penetrates the lungs and produces asthma. Scarcely one grinder lives to be forty. The next process is stamping a place for the eye. The work of eyeing the needles is performed by boys, who become so expert in the art that it is said they can pierce a hair and thread it with another. After the eyeing comes the hardening, which is done by bringing the needles to a red heat, then plunging in cold water or oil. Next comes the process of scouring and cleaning, which is done with emery and oil, and continues seven or eight days. Little girls are employed to place the heads all one way. This is nice work for them, but the more delicate operation of removing the jagged portion from the eye is performed by the steady hand of a woman

The points are finished and polished, and, last of all, counted into packages of 25, folded and labeled for market.

The work of making one of these tiny needles is very great, but only she who uses it knows where the real labor begins.

For the Lyceum Banner.

LIFE.

NUMBER III.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

WE have spoken of the lines of force, first, as irregular in the minerals; second, as straight lines in the crystals; and thirdly, of the beautiful curve lines of life, so beautifully illustrated in the human form, especially of the young child. We have a few words to say about force itself. We know nothing more of force than we do of God or of spirit. We see the effects of these all around us, and we know there must be something acting, and we must conclude that force is very nearly allied to spirit. Many persons suppose that matter is the only reality in the universe. But matter of itself is only dust and ashes, and would have no permanent existence in space without force or spirit to retain it.

Look out upon a beautiful farm, and see the green fields, orchards, and forest trees, the cattle, and everything that is on it, and then suppose that the force or spirit which holds the soil and everything in their places be taken away. Instead of the beautiful farm, with its flowers and fruits and living things, we should have only a heap of ashes, which would soon be blown away by the wind.

Our houses are valuable only because of the force or spirit which is in them, and one important element in their value is the durability of this force.

The furniture and everything that we use has its value according to the force or spirit that is in it. We deal with force, and not with matter. The relations of trade are based upon the character of the forces which belong to the articles which are bought and sold.

Our domestic animals are valuable almost entirely on account of the life force that is in them, and our own lives place us at the head of all living beings, not on account of the beauty or strength of the human organism, but from the fact that connected with it is the spirit which is immortal and cannot die.

For the Lyceum Banner.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



GOLDSMITH was born in Ireland, November 10th, 1730. His father was a clergyman with a small salary, but he managed to send his son for a time to the village school. Oliver was never a handsome boy, and his plain face was made still plainer by an attack of small pox when a child. He was never a favorite with his teachers, because he was dull, they said, and would not learn his lessons. But all his playmates loved him, for he was generous and good-natured. He disliked his books, but he loved sport—reason enough why his school fellows were more fond of him than was the schoolmaster.

At the age of seventeen Oliver entered Trinity college, at Dublin. He had not learned to love his books, or his teachers, even then; his thoughts could not be confined within four square walls, but would wander away in search of something more fresh and inspirational than could be found in college text-books, but by some magical process, the boy, at the age of twenty-one, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Oliver's relatives thought correctly enough that he had a capacity for something, and so they tried to make, first a preacher, then a doctor, and last, a lawyer of him. They all failed, for boys with the mind of a Goldsmith are not to be molded by the whims of ambitious relatives.

Young Goldsmith had always a talent for writing, and in this he followed his own inclinations, which has made his fame as an author world-wide. After trying many years to fit himself for something for which Nature did not intend him, he took up the work for which he was eminently fitted and succeeded.

His *Vicar of Wakefield* was written when he was thirty-six; *The Deserted Village* at the age of forty-two. When those interested saw he was going to succeed, in spite of the opposition of foes and the advice of friends, they put no more stumbling blocks in his way, but lavished all praises upon him, and said, how well we have succeeded in developing the latent genius of Goldsmith. He died at the age of forty-six, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

P. H.

—The wider the base of life, the higher may we hope to raise the summit.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 9, 17, 11, 4, is a range of mountains in Europe.

My 12, 14, 4, 16, is the name of a river in Africa.

My 2, 7, 10, is the name of a bay on the coast of Newfoundland.

My 11, 13, 6, 2, is the name of a river in Italy.

My 3, 7, 17, 11, is the name of a sea north of Russia.

My 3, 5, 4, 7, is the name of a bay north of Lapland.

My 7, 13, 11, 4, is the name of a sea in Asia.

My 1, 2, 9, 17, 12, 16, is a mountain in Switzerland.

My 15, 16, 4, 4, 8, 6, 5, is a mountain in Naples, Italy.

My whole is the name of a river in China.

CHAR. B. EATON.

CHICAGO.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 10, 11, 9, 5, is an insect.

My 2, 12, 8, 7, 11, is a fruit.

My 3, 6, 1, 4, 13, is what we should be.

My whole is very attractive.

G. C. D.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. KIMBALL:—Will you accept my first enigma, and excuse mistakes. I am ten years old. I hope it is good enough for your paper; if it is, I will write another.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, is used to make soap of.

My 3, 8, 12, runs on iron rails.

My 7, 2, is a preposition.

My 9, 4, 8, 12, is not far away.

My 10, 5, 6, 7, is the way your hands feel when they are cold.

My 6, 11, 9, is the plural of a masculine noun.

My whole is the name of the best paper ever published.

HATTIE M. BRIGGS.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 12, 9, 20, 11, 12, is a boy's name.

My 13, 19, 20, is a fowl.

My 8, 19, 15, 18, 9, is an animal.

My 1, 2, 10, 20, 17, 9, is a girl's name.

My 16, 19, 18, 9, is a flower.

My 1, 6, 3, 4, is a part of a house.

My 5, 18, is a verb.

My 7, 19, 10, 9, 12, is useful.

My 14, 11, 7, is a part of the body.

My whole is a name of a President.

JENNIE E. RAY.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 8, 4, was a long time ago.

My 11, 6, 10, 1, 3, 2, most people avoid.

My 8, 2, 6, 1, many like to do.

My 11 is a number.

My 7, 5, 4, 9, is a place in Europe.

My 5, 2, 6, is a name.

My whole is in music, prose and poetry.

LEWIS SCHROEDER.

ANSWERS IN NO. 14.

Pacific Railroad, River Falls, Pierce county, Wis., Newspapers, Children, Hattie Emmaret Jones, Oswego, N. Y. Answered by Lewis Schroeder, Lody Leeds, Miss Phelps, and Jennie E. Ray.

—The following can be read so as to make sense:

I thee read see that me,
Love is up will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and down and you if.

A young gentleman, six years of age, was partaking pretty freely of the good things of this life at the dinner table, immediately after his return from Sunday School. An elder brother, eight years old, after eyeing him for some time, said: "Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven." Little six year old hesitated a moment and then looking up, replied: "Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

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ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHAS. MACKAY.

What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking! comes the wish'd-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dim'd its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.

And is that all? Oh, watcher on the tower!
Look forth again; it must be near the hour;
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?

A mist envelopes them; I cannot trace
Their outline, but the day comes on apace;
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks!

Again, again, oh watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?

I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong
As of a lark, young prophet of the noon,
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

What does he say? oh watcher on the tower!
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time?

He prophesies, his heart is full, his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When error shall decay and truth grow strong,
When right shall rule supreme and vanquish wrong?

He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed.

Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again
If the broad daylight breaks up on the plain.

It breaks, it comes, the misty shadows fly,
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near!

—Truthfulness is a corner-stone to character,
and if not firmly laid while young, there will ever
after be a weak spot in the foundation.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

The Golden Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from a better land
If this querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintery storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven.
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup full of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do our work with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate golden threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

QUESTIONS.

What benefit do we receive from the Lyceum?
Why are we attached to some persons and re-
pelled from others?

How can we become harmonious?
What is conscience? and is it an infallible guide?
What and where is Heaven?

Answers given by Richmond (Ind.) Lyceum.

It is where all good spirits go.—E. B.

The place where we are always happy.—J. G.

It is where the spirit goes when it leaves the
body.—M. W.

It is wherever we have a mind to make it.—G.
W.

—Sufficiently revenged is he who can pardon
his enemy.

—Be ready to hear, careful to contrive, and
slow to advise.

—The pleasantest things in the world are
pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is
to have as many of them as possible.